

THE
P R I C E
O F
A Lady's Gown.

ONE year begins, another ends
 our time doth pass and go ;
 All this for our instruction tends,
 if we could take it so.
 The summer's warm the winter's cold,
 those seasons let us see
 When youth is gone then we wax old,
 like flowers we fade and die.
 Men for the most part do rejoice,
 when sons are to them born,
 Whose weeping eyes bewail their woes,
 their sinfulness to scorn.
 They are the messengers of death
 and time is posting fast,
 Till at the hour of fading breath :
 then death parts us at last.
 Then ought we to learn to spend our days
 in virtue as we ought ;
 In doing good make no delay,
 set sloth out of your thought.
 The slothful man ne'er yet attain'd
 to honour, wealth, or fame,
 But many one by virtue gain'd
 a long long lasting name.
 In prime time of our youth we should
 the seeds of learning sow,
 Weed for our vices, if we could,
 and sinful lusts down throw.
 He that in time of youth takes pain
 his virtue to bestow.
 In harvest of his age again,
 the grapes of grace shall mow.
 Since things created have an end,
 nothing but fame remains,
 Happy is he who wisely spends
 his time in virtuous pains.
 For soon the pain shall pass away,
 but pleasure shall abide.
 O happy, happy thrice are hey
 who take time at the tide ;
 The tide of time doth flow full fast,
 and quickly fades away,
 And if our ship want sail or mast,
 our voyage we must delay,
 Our bodies are the brittle barks
 who sail the flood of fame,
 And if thro' sloth we miss our mark,
 we sink in seas of shame.
 Occasion she has hair before,
 but she is bald behind :
 Lost time no travel can restore,
 as many fools do find.
 The little ant, and honey-bee,
 in summer lays up store,
 Providing for the winter storms ;
 men ought to do much more
 Thus I have done the best I can,
 now let me have my hire,
 I have betray'd my want of skill,
 in doing your desire.
 The weakness of a woman's wit
 is not thro nature's fault,
 But want of education fit
 makes matters oft to halt.